CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

In overhaulin' one of my old trunks the tother day, I found the follerin' jernal of a vyge on the starnch canawl bote, Polly Ann, which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Brite Lexington of yooth, when thar aint no sich word as fale) on the Wabash Canawl:

(Mondy 2 P. M.) Got under wa. Hosses not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em before they'd start. Started at larst very suddent, causin the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Saler frase.) Sevral passenjers on bored, Parst threu deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn, & other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery.—Large red heded gal reclinin on the banks of the Canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosdy—Riz at 5 an went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of licker with a member of the Injianny legislater, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin threu the briny water at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shoutid,

"Sale hoe!"

"Whar away?" hollered the capting, clearin his glass (a emty black bottle, with the bottum knockt out) and bringin it to his Eagle eye.

"'Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screeched the capting. "What wessel's that air?"

"The Kickin Warier of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you!"

"I, I Sir!" hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib-boom, and hail your chambermaid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the Warier.

"Wall, I reckin. He kin eat more fride pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his sex!"

"Wall," continued the capting of the Kickin Warier. "Wilyim got a little owly the tother day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of hi-in, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court 'us whar Old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooally fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! What do you think of that?" axed the capting of the Warier, as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.

"The country is indeed in danger!" sed our capting, raisin the bottle to his lips. The wessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased coach at 5 minits parst 10.

(Wensdy.) Riz arly. Wind blowin N.W.E. Hevy sea on and ship rollin wildly in consekents of peppur-corns havin bin fastened to the forrerd hoss' tale. "Heave two!" roared the capting to the man at the rudder, as the Polly giv a friteful toss. I was sick, an sorry I'd cum. "Heave two!" repeated the capting. I went below. "Heave two!" I hearn him holler agin, and stickin my hed out of the cabin winder, *I hev.*

The hosses becum dosile eventually, an I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splender, disre ardless of expense, and lively Natur put in her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Institoots of learnin and other evijences of civilizashun, incloodin a party of bald heded cullered men who was playin 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tarvern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," sed the Capting, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent Tonic!" I declined the seductive flooid.

(Thursdy) Didn't rest well last night on account of a uprore made by the capting, who stopt the Bote to go ashore and smash in the windows of a grosery. He was bro't back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their births, pushin the red curtains aside & lookin out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misgided frend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

"Wall, the fack is," sed the capting, risin hisself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejoodiced agin that grosery for sum time.—But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet yer life?" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passengers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventually we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin round bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days when peple was intelligent & wax figger's & livin wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

"O dase of me boyhood
I'm dreamin on ye now!"

(Poeckry.) A. W.

Metallic Influences.

President FELTON, of Harvard College, maintains that the use of steel pens has an injurious effect on the nerves of the arm, producing paralysis, or a feeling of dulness.

It is stated, in connection with the above, that the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT invariably uses steel pens for his lighter, airier, and more ephemeral productions—which accounts for the "feeling of dulness."

A collector of coins informs us that filling the trousers' pockets with gold pieces—say eagles—and buttoning them up very tight, affects the heart to a sensible degree, rendering it callous to the kindlier emotions of humanity. The symptoms extend themselves to the fingers, which clutch convulsively toward the palm of the hand, reducing the sufferer to the morbid condition professionally expressed by the compound adjective "close-fisted." Enthusiastic in the interests of science, we have resolved to test this matter thoroughly, with which view we have had a personal pair of pantaloons constructed with eight pockets and a fob. In order to prevent accidents from a rush of our contributors with the necessary gold pieces, we have caused the stairs leading to our office to be widened by an extension of several yards. *Au pantalon renommé*—try our eight pockets and a fob!

Buchanan and his Fellows.

"Besides distinguishing himself by commutiug the punishment of Judge VONDERSMITH, of Philadelphia, President BUCHANAN, just before he left Washington, turned loose upon the world JOHN QUINCY ADAMS FELLOWS, of Buffalo, convicted some time since of robbing the mails.—*Exchange.*

JAMES has turned loose upon the world a-many more Fellows of the same family, all of whom would now be enjoying *pareil partout* clothes, *not* of the fashionable kind—as well as Sing Sing hominy, if they were where Justice would put them. There were COBB-fellows, FLOYD-fellows, and other hail-fellows well met—but there will come a day of reckoning when the Fellows will be called Felons, and so written in history forever.

The Coming Troubles.

Among the sensation headings to Southern news in a late number of a daily journal, we read the following:

NORTHERN COMMERCE TO BE CRIPPLED!

immediately below which ran this very suggestive line:

PREPARATIONS FOR A GREAT CORN CROP!

"Putting that and that together," as the saying is, we see nothing before us but the impending destruction of the North in Toe Toe.

Geographical.

Why are the people of New Orleans the most despondent in the country?

Because they are naturally so Down at the Mouth.

Horace Greeley's Motto.

The Pen is mightier than the Seward!

"SCHURZ!

HEM!

Schurz dich Grettel! Fly around, oh, Germania, for CARL expects to travel. Expects Sardinia as the prize of his preaching, and exactly nothing less!

Now to the laborer belongs, in the opinion of many, not only his hire, but a present over and above, if he deserves his work in style, wherefore CARL SCHURZ—albeit his speeches for the Republican cause were *not* basely unpaid for—may perhaps deserve, from the liberality of Old ABE, "something good." Something first rate, if you please. Something which will give the revenue of the Dutchiest of Duchies, and far ahead of a three-horse principality Over There. But not a foreign mission.

No—not a foreign mission. *Gott bewahr!* Anything but *that*, Mrs. FLETCHER. *That* you *can't* have!

Because why? Why, because CARL SCHURZ, the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, now before us, says that you're under condemnation of Death out there in Deutschland. Big Thing for you, CARL, Rope, you know—slippernoose round the gurgler—choke like averydings. To be sure, it was all for Liberty—or rather *Freiheit*—and you're an exiled patriot. But wouldn't it be using a polite—all things considered—to send some gentleman out after the princes and potentates who hasn't got a rope round his neck. To be sure 'twould be a great crow for you—a very great crow—to sail back in glory whence you run like a good fellow—but 'twould be death for us. Grim and sudden.

CARL SCHURZ, we believe you're a brick—the way you got old KINKEL out of Spandau and over German[illegible] shows that. In fact, we Know you're a smart fellow. Now *don't* think it would be more proper and becoming to simmer down and take what the Americans are willing to give you as a bonus for your services? Don't be a Germaniac now. Be modest, and you'll make more in the end.

"SCHURZ!" Folks call it Shirts in Eng[illegible]sh, though it means an apron, and already one contributor cries out "*Faut laver son linge chez lui*"—that is to say, we ought to wash our soiled linen at home. Stay home, SCHURZ, and be washed with soap other Soap than Sardinian.

By our Stuttering Poet.

T-t-t-t-reason's out! T-t-t-t-ruth men have,
Now b-b-b-rave meets brave with "As!-ass, ass! innate!"
Alas the d-d-day!-the m-mum-manifestation,
When J-Jaw-JONATHAN stands for Ass-ass assy[illegible]ation!

Wood for Sale.

Apply to the Mayor's office.

GRAND CONCERT.

BY THE NATIONAL MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Management take great pleasure in announcing to the public of Washington and elsewhere, a series of one Grand Concert, in aid of the Treasury Department.

Many distinguished gentlemen have kindly volunteered their valuable services for the occasion, and the Management beg leave to present the following programme, with the hope that it will be found instructive as well as amusing. For particulars concerning tickets, time, etc., see small bills:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Fantasia and Medley; "The Ride by Night;" introducing "*Blue bonnets over the* (Pennsylvanian) *border*," "*Tak your auld cloak about ye*," and other popular airs.

ORCHESTRA.

2. Romanza; "The President to his predecessor:"

"When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever four years!"

PROF. A. LINCOLN.

3. Reply to the Above:

"It may be four years, or it may be forever!"

J. B.

4. Glee; "Hark, 'tis the Indian Bonds!" (*Two Sharps.*)

FLOYD and BAILEY.

5. "The Soldier's Tear."

MAJOR ANDERSON.

6. Patriotic Song; "The Palmetto:" ABRAHAM, spare that tree!"

JEFF. DAVIS.

7. *Marche Militaire:* "The Heights of ABRAHAM." (*For His Own Trumpet.*)

PROF. A. LINCOLN.

8. "The Dance of Death;" Finale on a Single String.

GENERAL TWIGGS.

9. Comic Song; "There was an Old Woman."

GENERAL SANDFORD.

PART II.

1. Romanza; "The Republican Editor to the Cabinet."

"Would I were with thee!"

HORACE GREELEY.

2. Canzonet; "The Custom-House Clerkship," (*Words and Music by A Gentleman of this City*):

"Some love to roam o'er the white sea foam
To a foreign ministry;
But a cosy stand with the cash in hand,
Is the sinecure for me!"

THE AUTHOR.

3. Songs of the Old Bourbon; "Ah, don't mingle!" and "The Mellow Horn."

J. B.

4. *Fantasie pour la* Jewsharp; "*Les douleurs d'Onésime.*"

Rabbi RAPHALL.

5. Aria; "I dream of my Fatherland."

KARL SCHURZ.

6. Lament; *motifs écosses:*

"O where, and O, where has the Wheatland laddie gone?" (Bagpipe and accompaniment.)

PROF. J. G. BENNETT.

7. Aria, from the Oratorio of "Herod;" "Suffer little children!"

COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

8. Andante Pastorale; "We Lie in Clover." (*Quartette.*)

THE CORRESPONDENTS OF THE LEADING DAILIES.

9. Oratorio Selection; "Behold, I am Black, but comely!"

Ex-Attorney-General BLACK.

The performance will close with a grand *scena* and chorus; the Conspiracy scene from *Vespre Siciliani*, given by a large number of "bankers, merchants, lawyers," and others.

To Be Let, a Loan.

South Carolina wants $675,000, "For the military defence of the State." For a month the Charleston *Mercury* and *Courier* have published the advertisement—but nobody has answered it. Strange that a State which has made a tempest in a tea-pot cannot Raise the Wind sufficiently to bring down the Dust. The Alabamians enjoy better credit, for they assert that if the worst comes to the worst, with French Leave, they will have a Credit Mobile-ier. Somebody let them alone!

Cons.

What old Buck enjoys at Wheatland.
Odium Cum Dignitate.

Why should we expect LINCOLN to encourage "Southern Institutions?"

Because being a rail-splitter himself he will hardly interfere with the Custom of Opening the Posts.

Why are the Seceding States like the Plagues of Egypt?

Because Seven Went Out, and "they were exceeding grievous to be borne with."

Bayardistic.

The accomplished roving Editor of the *Tribune*, being attacked by banditti in a lonely spot a few miles from Rome, to the question "where do you live? is reported to have proudly replied *Civis Romanus sum*—I'm a Roam-er

Bordering on Despair.

The Border States on the Cotton States.

INCIDENT FOR A BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

Waiter.—HALF A DOZEN BLUE POINTERS FOR NUMBER THREE!
British Tourist.—POINTER! BY JOVE!—THEY EAT DOGS HERE! THE SAVAGES! LET ME TAKE A NOTE OF THAT!

THE STRAWBERRIES.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

The garden was filled with odors,
From jasmin and heliotrope,
And the tender moss-rose muffled,
In its beautiful velvet cope,
White currants like beads of amber,
Strung upon sea-green silk,
Mingled their spicy clusters',
With snowberries white as milk.

I watched her plucking the strawberries,
And bending over the bank,
Where the large red fellows lay hiding,
As if from her search they shrank,
And when she bit them she opened
Lips ripe and red as they—
Ah! if I had been the strawberries
I would not have hidden away!

"Are you not fond of strawberries?
Why dont you pluck and eat?
See, here is a noble fellow
Juicy, and red and sweet.
Dont stand there looking so solemn
As if you thought 'twas a sin
To eat of such delicate morsels,
But open your mouth and begin."

"Ah! IMOGEN dear," I answered,
"I care for no fruit but one.
'Tis as ripe and red as this strawberry,
And as full of the blood of the sun.
But you selfishly hold it from me
Nor offer me even a part."
"What is this fruit?" she questioned.
"This fruit," I said, "is your heart!"

The strawberry dropped from her fingers,
And she stretched out her little hand,
And I knew that instead of the fruit, it held
The sweetest heart in the land.
So we left the strawberries lying
In their shadowy leaves that day,
And silently walked in the garden,
While the long hours stole away.

La Cordaire.

VANITY FAIR finds, in a letter from Paris, published in several Legitimist journals in the departments, that

"A deputation, composed of about 150 young men of the law and medical schools, waited on Pere LACORDAIRE, at the Carmes, to express to him their congratulations on his speech in the French Academy. The illustrious Dominican, though much fatigued after his exertions of the previous day, returned thanks in an animated speech; concluding with the following words:—"I believe I am a fervent Catholic, but I am certain that I am an impenitent Liberal."

Good for the Pére. "Grandma—I *think* I should like to have a Testament, and I know—yes, I KNOW, I should like to have a squirt!"

"No Place like Home."

Art itemizers inform us that Mr. GEORGE L. BROWN has lately been at Niagara, making moonlight studies for a painting of the Falls in Winter.

Are our New-York artists blind, or fast asleep, to the subjects waiting for them within Columbiad range of their studios?

A month ago, and Mr. G. L. BROWN might have painted the Falls in Winter, without going further than the Central Park on a skating day.

Motto of Roses.

The Brahmins of the Flower-World—we spring from Budd.

A Pugilistic Adage.

"The more Blowing the fewer blows."

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

HE city has been afflicted for a short time by a curious eruption, a breaking out of jewelry stores with large placards in their windows, inscribed, "Take your choice for One Dollar."

It is all very well to tell a fellow to take his Choice, but where is, in these windows, anything Choice to take.

Why should we, or any man, be anxious to possess various small fragments of brass, stamped in fantastic forms and "of no value except to the loser?"

These storekeepers announce their wares at Rare Bargains, but we believe—we know, in fact, that this sort of bargain is greatly Overdone.

SPUYTENTUYFEL, who is inclined to be metaphysical, says that the affair is based on a philosophical principle. Every man thinks that there are a few good articles and a great many bad ones in these One Dollar jewelry-mills: and Every man also thinks that he is shrewd enough to pick out the thing upon which the dealer makes no profit. Every man rushes in, then plunks down his dollar, and carries off a—What is it?—a connecting link between brass and copper!

It is suggested, however, that there is some gold in the rings, pins, brooches, lockets, pencil-cases, etc. etc., of the One Dollar shops. *Oreide*, the composition of which they are made, is said to give off, in vapor, when assayed, a faintly infinitesimal quantity of gold. That which remains, is infinitesimally less!

We know of a young lady, to whom some gentleman, more benevolent than judicious, presented a chain, bought as a "Rare Bargain" for one dollar. The maiden, having no rooted antipathy to ornaments of any kind, twined the chain about her neck. At night, when making her *toilette de nuit*, she observed a dark leaden-colored ring about her snowy and swan-like throat, rendering her of ELSIE VENNER and some more of a young woman mentioned on page 55 of ALDRICH'S last volumes of poems, who had

"——a dark blue scar on her throat."

The next day, this young lady of the chain told a friend that the gold had been polished with whiting or something, and blackened her neck. She was duly surprised to learn that it was only brass, and thundering poor brass at that.

The One Dollar jewels are, in fact, much inferior to the average of decent bell-pulls.

The result of this explosion of jewelry is painful. Of course, it plays the dickens with the legitimate business, and the consequence is, that all the respectable stores have to inaugurate a One Dollar department, in which they sell as bad jewelry as any in the city. The metropolis is inundated with it. The East Side absolutely gleams, glitters, glows, glares, shines, shimmers and scintillates with it. Every bookbinderess and 'prentice boy possesses a mass of trinkets that, in size and number at least, rival the Crown Jewels of many a kingdom.

And they tell us that the country—the far and pleasant agricultural districts—swarm with similar shops! Woe! woe! the Arcadian loiterer of the coming Summer! AMARYLLIS will shine in tawdry bracelets, and DAPHNIS will sport a hideous locket. A monstrous mosaic will rise and fall upon the bosom of PHILLIS, and the sheep will gaze in wonder upon the gorgeous guard-chain of their *formosum pastor* CORYDON!

But when the Summer has come and gone—when the moist air and earthy exhalations of the country shall have done their work, AMARYLLIS will look with disgust upon a pile of greenish and odorous things, stained and blackened by verdigris, and, with a regretful voice: "These are my jewels!"

To Catch "Birds of a Feather."

Put tar upon the TWIGGS, and the feathers will stick to it of themselves.

MUSINGS ON THE MORNING PAPERS.

BY OUR CENTENARIAN.

No. II.

"REUBEN TRAVELLER, a well-known citizen of Ottawa, Upper Canada, died last week, in the 81st year of his age."

He has gone to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns,

"The convicts in the penitentiary of Mississippi are engaged in manufacturing tents for the army of the State."

What kind of tents—Peni—tents?

"Sweetmeats for sale."

Sugar cured hams, we suppose.

"The Norwalk *Gazette* advises its (office-seeking) friends to attend a negro concert, assuring them that 'it will surely drive away the blues.'"

Possibly they may drive away the Blacks also.

"The Charleston and Savannah papers cry out against any duty on ice."

The fire-eaters must have the wherewith to cool their tongues.

"Church's painting of 'The Icebergs,' now in progress, is a Great Work."

Yes—a Big Thing on Ice.

"A Chip of the Old Block. Cadet Lane, son of Gen. JOSEPH LANE, has gone to Montgomery to offer his services to the Confederate States."

At the swing of the battle axe the chips will fly.

"A Hartford newsboy received a couple of eagles, last week, in mistake for a couple of pennies; but he returned them honestly and promptly. His name is PARTRIDGE."

PARTRIDGE perhaps was afraid the Eagles would dispose of him hereafter, and so he disposed of them now.

"What induced fair South Carolina to turn from the path of rectitude?"

Her Pal met her.

"GEORGE E. BAKER, Esq., of Albany, N. Y., has been appointed to the disbursing clerkship of the State Department."

Perhaps BAKER hopes that the bread he may cast upon the waters will return to him after many days.

"The *Cincinnatti Gazette* styles the reign of ABE LINCOLN a "new era."

Some deem it a Camera. To them its objects appear to be inverted.

"Texas is now formally out of the Union."

And so she was formerly.

"Minnesota, it is said, furnishes the largest number of office-hunters."

But Minnesota is not to be made game of.

"Harp of a Thousand Strings."

Old ABE, whose chords are thumbed by every "wire puller," and who is now ringing changes at every touch.

Sink, Sank, Sunk.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Tribune* suggests that Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston, should henceforth be known as the "Cinq Ports."

Now as the word *cinq* is pronounced *sank* in French, and as there is but one step from that to the downright particeple "sunk," we should say that the word is applicable enough to "ports" that are letting the water into the ship so fast.

A Con for these Warlike Times.

Why is a soldier of the lowest grade, whose residence is in the barracks attached to the fort on Governor's Island, like a brownstone front house with all the modern conveniences, including water and gas, on Fifth Avenue?

Because he is a Private Dwelling there.

A—ah oh! Ephraim—bring the fans!

Pretty Close.

Speeches in the Southern Confederacy Congress as reported by WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, Esq.

Flourish—ordinance shot off—trumpets sound, and drums.

"A go" without which the pencil could not "make its mark."

Plumb—ago.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XII.

At the bachelor establishment, Teague and Mr. Muffles kept house very well together for three or four days after Mr. Primpenny's disappearance. That gentleman had never proposed any such strict limits to his residence, since either his servant or his friend had known him, that they were alarmed by his being absent for several nights in succession. They simply looked for him, and when they did not see him, Mr. Muffles ordered a brace of broiled quail for supper, while Teague danced his favorite lilt in the basement entry, both as certain that nothing was to be done but wait, as you and I are similarly disposed in regard to the next shower.

But when the number of solitary suppers and unapplauded lilts had increased to the number of three or four, when Mr. Muffles returned night after night from Peter Chillgrin's and found not even a note in the well-known hand awaiting him, when Teague became so wearied with blacking the half-soled boots, and brushing the seedy coats of his master's indigent deputy that he began to think very small potatoes of himself, and wonder whether his past prosperity were not all a dream out of which he had waked into a wilderness devoid of new calf skin and broadcloth, then both the friend and the servant had a consultation together. The result of this was Mr. Muffles' delegation to Isaiah Primpenny, to confer with him upon the subject of the missing young man.

"Who are you, sir?" was the first request propounded at the coat-scuttle establishment, for the credentials of the delegate.

"I am Mr. Muffles, sir," was the answer.

"Muffles? Yes, the gentleman who studies law at Mr. Chillgrin's. You make illustrations, sir! *Illustrations*, when you should be at your profession. I've seen 'em. Allow me, though an old man whose opinion is worth nothing whatever to young ones, to say that you'd better stop drawing, and mind the law. I'm very much afraid sir, that you have been instrumental in my son's recent ruin. Yes sir! he *is* ruined! Good for nothing but to dance and sing fa la! I mourn over it, but I can't help it. Now, *you* sir, *you*, have no father behind you, nobody to back you up and keep you from being the beggar you are trying to be, Stuyvesant happens to have. But if you havn't *led* him, and I hope, *merely* hope, I say, that you havn't—then don't *follow* him. He's gone, is he? Well, he'll be back in time. It's only one of his sprees. Good day, sir."

"Stolid and revolting parent!" said Mr. Muffles, as he left the door of the coal-scuttle shop. "Thank heaven, O my venerable father, that I laid you in the grave in my infancy! I might have grown up to see *you* such a man as *that!* I am spared that infamy!"

Mr. Muffles now took into consideration the question whether he could return to live upon the hospitalities of the absent Stuyvesant, hospitalities which came second hand from that friend's unnatural father. He arrived at the conclusion that in honor he could not. He had no idea when Stuyvesant might return, indeed doubted whether, having been so long away without sending word, he would return at all, and most lugubriously revolved in his mind suspicions of foul play which seemed never to have entered the elder Primpenny's brain. He therefore, like all men in desperation of where to go or what to do, bought a *Herald* and pitched into its advertising columns. Selecting the most eligible boarding-place out of several hundred offered, he went to it and secured the room, so favorite to his pocket, on the fourth floor back. Indeed for a long time, life to Mr. Muffles, had taken the form of a succession of fourth floors back, until he began to regard fourth floor back carried to an infinite power as the proper symbol for an eternal state of existence. Having made this arrangement, and ordered the baggage express to call at the bachelor establishment for his traps, he returned to advise Teague that he need no longer provide broiled quail for him. Teague was surprised, as Irishmen always are out of politeness. Indeed if you should tell an Irishman that Brian Borrhu was dead, or that he was orphaned of his great, great, great, great grandfather, or that the Queen had concluded not to remove the Cathedral of St. Paul's to Dublin, he would be sure to reply, "Faix and d'ye tell me so?" But beyond this surprise, Teague was not greatly moved. He wished all sorts of good luck to Mr. Muffles, hoped to see him soon prisintly, which could not be long off, since his master would be back dhirectly, and being deterred by none of Mr. Muffles' feelings of aristocratic honor, determined to keep his place till he was ordered out of it.

Mr. Muffles suffered from the honorable necessity to which he sacrificed himself, more than tongue can tell. But need any man who has been in love be told how much? The breaking up of his ties with Stuyvesant seemed to possess an eternal meaning of despair with regard to those higher ties which bound him to Stuyvesant's sister. The words of the old man seems like the knell of doom. Strange! How progressive young people seem—how radical and careless of these old conservative muffs, so long as they remain light-hearted and fancy-free! The word of an old gentleman is no more valuable to them than a small boy's. But when these young people fall in love—Ah! what power there is in an old man's single syllable. The venerable party immediately becomes a Clock-Tower of Destiny, they watch his face, they tremble at the movement of his hands, and when he strikes, they hear Hell or Heaven in the sound. Then is it that the venerable party has his revenge over the progressive tendencies of youth. Is not the fact of old gentlemen's having daughters one of the retributive arrangements of nature? Conservatism to the end keeps in its trembling hand the rein of *one* curb bit, remorselessly to use it on the youthful age, Conservatism's pretty girl!

"Stop drawing and mind the law!" Abandon an immediate, easy, and fascinating success for a life-long struggle through swamps and briars! This was the advice of Mr. Primpenny Senior. and before Mr. Muffles could follow it into anything like the barest competency, the daughter of Mr. Primpenny Senior would be a stubby, stolid, merchant's middle-aged wife, and the mother of five or six agonizingly matter-of-fact children! "Stop drawing and mind the law!" There spoke that particular Clock-Tower of Destiny represented by Isaiah Primpenny. Every clang of its stroke sent a thrill of madness through Mr. Muffles' inmost abysses. As he left the door of Stuyvesant's bachelor establishment, he felt like a gentleman who from unselfish motives has pushed away his last plank, and is swimming through a winter sea to a desert island fifty miles off, without so much as a paper of tobacco in his pantaloons pocket.

The thought at first struck him that he would blow his brains out. But again, would he not need them quite as much in the world to come, where he did not know his way in the least, as in this world, where he was more or less acquainted with it? Drown himself? Yes, and be picked up by the Harbor Police, to have Lottie Primpenny read the inquest on him in next morning's *Tribune!* And *hanging* had always seemed to him a mode of getting out of the world, proper only to the vulgar masses, a sort of third class carriage into the Unknown.

Eventually the ebullient and felo-de-se stage of sentiment was followed by a quieter melancholy. Mr. Muffles was still desperate, but his desperation took the form of longing to cast itself at the beloved feet—tell his love—acknowledge that it was hopeless, and then, with a request to meet him in the regions where love was never thwarted, say fifty years hence, or some mere bagatelle of that kind, to depart into a distant country-place, and live secluded from all eyes, as the rural correspondent of a city newspaper. All this deemed quite possible, even painfully pleasing to Mr. Muffles, as he directed his steps toward the avenue.

Reaching Isaiah's house he discovered that Miss Lottie was in. He sent for her and remained in the parlor, arranging his right hand glove so that he could take it off in a moment when he heard her footsteps in the hall. He also studied the pictures with an interest which he had never felt before. Miss Primpenny's grandfather hung over the mantel-piece, redolent of bald-headed benignity, and Mr. Muffles wondered whether an old gentleman who looked so kind in oil might not have done something for him in common life, had he lived to this distressing emergency. He asked himself, too, what several other ladies and gentleman on canvass would have thought of him as a connection by marriage, supposing them now extant and that utopian blessedness possible. There was a little cabinet picture of Mr. Primpenny's country-seat at Rye, which depended from crimson cords by the side of the folding-door, and oh! to think that he should never smoke cigars on that charming verandah, with Mrs. Muffles, *née* Primpenny, enjoying the flavor of the weed on that rustic settee by his side! Thus he managed to torture himself very comfortably till Miss Lottie came down. To torture one's self while in love, is a comfort which nobody but a brute would think of denying any young man.

Miss Primpenny ran into the room with an empressment which was perfectly agonizing. She was not pale, she was rosier than usual. Would she not have been somewhat haggard and miserable-looking about the eyes if she had been really in love with

him? Or was that rose-flush a blush of co[illegible]s tenderness? With such questions Mr. Muffles agonized himse[illegible]f all more.

"What is the matter with Stuyvesant? wh[illegible]sn't he been over to see us?" was one of Lottie's first ques[illegible]. Could Mr. Muffles wring that young heart with anguish b[illegible]ing her *why?* No! He replied that the young man had gone [illegible]n a visit, he supposed, to some friends at the South, and wo[illegible]o be back for a week or two.

"And so I suppose," said Lottie, "you're [illegible]ng house for him in the meanwhile. How nice that must b[illegible] think I'd like to have a bachelor—I mean, an old-maid-est[illegible]hment, of my own—close by, you know, where I could drop[illegible]n my mother every day."

"I *was* keeping house for Stuyvesant," sai[illegible]. Muffles, pensively.

"You don't mean to say you've had any [illegible]g out—brother and you?" asked Miss Lottie, with visible app[illegible]nsion.

"No, Miss Primpenny; we are the best, the [illegible]rest of friends. But I cannot consent, while your brother is a[illegible]t, to accept of hospitalities which come, indirectly, from you[illegible]her—so long as I am not sure that *he* likes me, as well as, Stu[illegible]ant."

"You mustn't mind Father's way," said Miss[illegible]mpenny, decidedly. "He's the sweetest, kindest of men—t[illegible]h he sometimes speaks very brusquely. If he has said anyth[illegible]—I don't know that he *has*, but *if* he has, it's only because h[illegible]oubled by business matters. He has a great deal to do, and [illegible]nustn't let anything he may say make you dislike him. Y[illegible]*won't, will* you?" asked Miss Primpenny, with such a swee[illegible]k of entreaty, that Mr. Muffles would have answered "no," [illegible]he did, if the request had been not to mind jumping out o[illegible]fifth story window.

At the sight of this bewitching expression[illegible]s sweet pursed mouth—those winsome, longing eyes—which h[illegible]d seen in dreams on the face of his *wife*—Mr. Muffles passed the[illegible]d sticking point of lovers. He was wrought to the highest pit[illegible]f the love-madness—where a man must utter himself, or go[illegible]wn forever into silence.

"Miss Primpenny!" sighed he, "I can [illegible]thing for *you!* Your father may like me or not—but if it we[illegible]*uth* to love you, I could not help it! I *must* love you. I have [illegible]it a long time—I do it still—*do you love me?*"

With these words, Mr. Muffles took in his h[illegible]s the plump, fair fingers of Miss Primpenny, and looked into he[illegible]e with a devouring earnestness.

Miss Primpenny, for a round, rosy little gi[illegible]s much agitated. Mr. Muffles could hear her heart beat and[illegible]away up in her little white throat that heart beat—[illegible]sound, though painful beyond measure, was infinitely more [illegible]licious than the clang of that venerable Party who represente[illegible]he Clock of Destiny.

"Mr. Muffles," said she, timidly, when she [illegible]uld regain her voice, "you come upon me as a surprise. I do[illegible]t know what to say, nor to think. I am very young—I have[illegible]not known you long—and I must help my own ignorance b[illegible]talking to my—mother."

"But are you angry with me? Oh! you are not"—

"No—not angry—only frightened. Do not think I am angry—*do* not!" and again, with that puzzled look [illegible]her face, there mingled the expression of entreaty, uttered by the pursed sweet mouth, and the winning eyes.

Mr. Muffles had no heart to press the matter further. He had prepared a long, despairing speech to follow h[illegible]declaration. He could not make it! He could not say, "I s[illegible]ll never see you again—but remember me during the next fifty [illegible]ears, while you in your ermine roll in an emblazoned carriage, a[illegible]I, in a suburban garret, cherish your image, a heart-broken a[illegible]d wretched man." Lottie was suffering enough already; if the re[illegible]were to be suffered, she could supply it from her own imagination. So he kissed her finger-tips with a gallantry which sent such a tran[illegible]e thrill to her heart as she had not felt since the day she tri[illegible]d the galvanic battery in the Philosophy class at boarding-school, and [illegible]ade her good-bye. An ordinary friendly good-bye, into which he [illegible]as not so selfish as to infuse any suspicion of the word "forever," and then Mr. Muffles departed to his new fourth story back.

While this passage in the life of two young peopl[illegible]was going on in New-York, Mr. Primpenny, as you remember, w[illegible]s on his mysterious way to the cottage among the mountains.

Upon his reaching there, as related in our last chapter, he was received with most sincere, though homely, cordiality. For his supper, he found no variation from the u[illegible]al farme[illegible]fare of bread and milk, and cold salted provisions, sav[illegible]a brace [illegible]f grey squirrels, roasted, which had been shot for [illegible]h occasion [illegible]y the hired man.

When the sun had been down two hours, and M[illegible]Primpenny, if h[illegible] were in New-York, would be just going to dinner, Melissa brought a long tallow candle, lighted it at the great wood-fire, and, handing it to Mr. Primpenny, told him that she had attended to h[illegible]s bed-chamber herself, and hoped he would find it comfortable. At t[illegible]e same time, Melissa's father rose from his big chair, whose seat was of braided birch-bark strips, and volunteered to pilot Mr. Primpenny into his berth.

"You don't mean to say you're going to bed *now?*" said Mr. Primpenny, incredulously.

"Fartinly"—replied the tall man; "it's past eight o'clock—we're very tired—and we've got work to do in the mornin'."

We have work to do! How strangely that *we* fell on the ear of Mr. Primpenny! When had *he* ever done any work? What had *he* to do with anything save to consume the product of other people's work in the way that best suited his own fancy? But without seeking an alternative where there evidently was none, he squared himself to his circumstances, and followed Mr. ——what was [illegible]is name? up to a tiny little bed-chamber, where the four-post bedstead was of the plainest pattern of stained cherry, but the bed-clothes scrupulously neat, and the mattrass, though of husk, looked like a pure white snow-bank which has become eccentrically warm, without melting. In this room Mr. Blank left him, with a cordial good-night.

As soon as his guide had retired, Mr. Primpenny began hunting around him for an indication of his whereabouts. But here, as on board the sloop, he was completely baffled. The indelible ink marks on the towels had been cut out, and their place neatly darned or patched. So it was with all the cotton or linen of the bed-appointments. The books in the little hanging library of the apartment had been served exactly like those in the cabin of the sloop. Wherever a volume had once possessed a record of name, date, or place, its fly-leaf had been torn out. Thus, as Mr. Primpenny looked out of his bed-room window on the sighing pines and spectral birches of that mid-forest night, he had no more idea where he was than if he had been washed ashore from a wreck in the South Pacific. There is a comfort in utter helplessness—especially to a man who has never done any work. He is as well off as the most industrious man. *That* is a comfort to him. Again, his past experience leads him to believe that all will go nicely in the end. *That* is another comfort—one which the man who has always struggled with adverse fortune can know nothing about. So Mr. Primpenny retired to rest, and in ten minutes was as sound asleep as I hope you and I will be at one o'clock to-morrow morning.

I shall be spinning this recital to an intolerable length if I follow Mr. Primpenny through all the various occurrences of his residence on these unknown mountains.

I will simply say that on the first morning of his awaking there, he heard the strong bass voice of his captor singing "Breakfast!" and after partaking of that meal by candle-light, was presented with a stout pair of overalls and a hickory shirt, which were all the easier to put on, when he found it was expected of him, for the fact that Melissa informed him she had made them herself. His guardian then conducted him into the woods, gave him an augur, and showed him how to bore maple trees. The sap was already beginning to run into buckets which the hired man had placed there before, and Stuyvesant tried in vain to recollect his earlier geography, that he might get some idea of the particular parallel of latitude in which people would be likely to make maple sugar at this season of the year.

Later in his residence on the mountains, he learned to plough. At first his efforts were as awkward as they were natural—but eventually he became able to hold, with considerable dexterity, an instrument which he had heretofore regarded as the very extreme symbol of laborious degradation.

Whether he were in the field or the wood, the tall man never once lost sight of him. Indeed, from the beginning, he gave Stuyvesant to understand that the first attempt he might make to escape would be followed by recapture, and stricter supervision. But if he only contented himself for a little, all this mystery would be cleared up in the end; and furthermore, he would not be sorry that it had happened. There was such an air of kind-hearted assurance and friendly resolve about the man, that Stuyvesant was fain to receive all he said for granted.

There was another reason why the young man felt more satisfied with accepting his circumstances as he found them—and quietly turned farmer without making the fierce struggle which he would have supposed himself likely to, had his present predicament been prophesied to him during his residence in New-York. Every evening, when he returned from the field and doffed his working apparel, he found waiting for him one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen. Melissa not only had his supper ready, but in the most unostentatious and unconscious way, was willing to talk to him and sing for him. He grew so accustomed to her fresh, handsome

face at the doorway on his return—her brisk, housewifely motions, that he fell into the way of expecting her, of sitting by her side till bed-time, of enjoying her fine, sweet, rural voice, and, before long these pleasures quite replaced those of his nightly opera and billiards. The girl was strangely grammatical—her tones were singularly well modulated by a natural lady-likeness—and he could not understand how these facts came of the district school, where, she told him, she had received her only education. Nor did they—for nine-tenths of them, at least, were born of woman's delicate nature.

One Sunday, after the tall father of Melissa had read the service, excusing himself for not taking his little family to church, on the ground that it was too far off to get back from by "milkin'-time"—he left the two together in the kitchen of the cottage. A pleasantly smouldering fire, just sufficiently warming the room, which hardly needed any fire at all to aid the bland glances of the growing spring, was burning on the big heath-stone. Melissa and Stuyvesant were sitting on birch chairs, a little way from it—both of them thoughtful—and one, at least, distrait. This last was Stuyvesant, who, singularly enough, was still the first to speak, after the tall man had departed.

"Melissa," said he, "I suppose you can't properly tell me where I am?"

"No, Mr. Primpenny, I can't—I really can't. I must obey my father, and he has told me not to."

"Then, I won't ask you. I won't even ask you what your last name is. But can you tell me when I shall have any news from home? I have been treated in such a strange way, that if I weren't *kindly* treated at the same time—if I hadn't a feeling, from your father's knowing *my* name, and other indications, that all this was some queer freak of *my* father's—some surprise that he means to spring on me—I would certainly have made a great row long ago. I think now that it must be all a joke. I have thought so for some time. But can't you tell me when it's coming to an end? I have been here now six weeks. I have done things that I never would have believed it possible for me to do. And I am pretty sure, that if it isn't explained—I *shall* make the row to-morrow."

"Mr. Primpenny, I have had nothing to do with all this business! Do believe me, that I havn't! I'm ashamed of it—but I can't help it—I *must* mind my father. I can tell you that he means no harm to you—that nobody does. It was *my* advice, when I heard tell of it, not to undertake it at all. But my father is an old friend of your—of the person, I mean, who's at the bottom of it all. That person has lent my father money to pay off a mortgage on his farm. A great deal of money! Two thousand dollars! and so, father felt himself in honor bound to do all he could for his friend."

Mr. Primpenny opened his eyes wider, and drew his chair nearer to that of the fresh, sweet young mountaineeress, who said all that she did with visible pain. At the same time, he took both her hands in his right, and with his left began caressing her jetty black curls. She did not stop him. For a moment, neither of them spoke. Mr. Primpenny was revolving all his strange past life, and wondering why he had never enjoyed this species of innocent dalliance, to such a degree, before. Had agricultural pursuits sharpened his zest? Or was he simply a fool, shut up with *one* woman among the mountains, flirting with her because he had nothing else to do? Or was he really—for the first time in all his feverish life, in contact with a true, fresh, living specimen of *Woman*—woman unmixed, uncorrupted—and in *love with her?*

Melissa was thinking what a nice young man from New-York was this one by her side, and how strangely he made her feel—as she had never felt when young men from the big mountain neighborhood had taken her hand in country dances at the tavern—as she had never felt even when Hezekiah Brown had asked her to be his wife. What a strangely free and easy way had this New-York young man! How assured he seemed to be! How he felt of her curls and played with her cheeks as if he had her permission already—though, in words at least, he hadn't, by any means.

'SNOW GO.

BE THE POWERS, WHY DON'T THEY COME TO THE DOOR! BUT YOU DON'T CATCH PAT MALONY LAVING SICH A NICE JOB AS THIS!

Again, singularly enough, the first of the two who spoke, was the young country girl. In perfect innocence of heart—and because she could not help it, as she might have done had she been brought up in the great world—she asked,

"*Do you want to go away from here?*"

"No!" said young Stuyvesant, "not till *you* do!"

There is something fair and equitable in the meeting of city demand and country products, which all mercantile men will understand. No business man can object, therefore, when we say that within the next ten minutes, Melissa was sitting on Stuyvesant's lap, (as the country fashion is—oh, shameful!) and metropolitan desire met rural satisfaction in two pairs of tightly glued lips, and warmly knitted arms.

Ah! The tall man caught them at it! At least so far, that in returning, he peeped through the door, and with true Yankee savoir-faire, shut it quickly again, before Melissa could know that he saw her jump from Stuyvesant's lap.

But that same night—after Stuyesant had retired to his chamber, the stern, conscientious old soul told Melissa in the kitchen—

"I tell ye what, Melissy—this here mustn't go on till I hear from his father. I believe ye like him just as yer mother did me—and I hain't no objections tew the young man, if he'll keep reg'lar hours, noways—but conscience 's suthin'—conscience is *everything*, Melissy—and this is suthin' I hadn't no way provided aginst. I must write to his father to-morrow. Till I hear from Isaiah—like the young man as much as ye choose—but be kereful o' showin' on it!"

So, it seems as if our present chapter chronicles two defeats of conservatism!

Fungurial.

"Nail mills in Fall River have stopped for want of business—completely knocked in the head by the times."—*N. O. Weekly Del'a*

We don't know how it may be at Fall River—but we saw a Mill yesterday in the Park, between two apple girls, in which Nails were extensively used, and which certainly did not stop for want of business, so long as we saw it.

H. G. UPON WEED.

OST r.e up in bot- a ical phrases Ex ssive of r g edy, reedy ings, Grov ng by damp n d ditchy s zes Where he leech r rigg les and te frog sings. Teach me words to e press the in- f rnal Roo and branch, and blossom, and eed, Flowers of the Albany *Evening Journal*— Hemlock, Nightshade, Wormwood, WEED!

'Tis well, when the vessel heels to leeward,
To swear at the steersman for losing trim,
Asserting that had he kept to SE—WARD,
Better luck would have favored him.
'Tis well to say that the sprouts of treason
From principles fostered by me proceed;
Ugh! ugh! the ugly plants of the season!—
Skunk-cabbage, Henbane, Hellebore
WEED!

Flowers of the Albany *Evening Journal*,
Poke-root, Chokeweed, Wormwood, Rue!
Stalk, and leaf, and berry, and kernel,
Bad is the odor she lets by you.
O! for the scythe of Patient Saturn,
O! for a flail to complete the deed.
O! the mowing, and thrashing and battening—
Thistle-top, Thorn-apple, THURLOW
WEED!

LO! THE POOR!

Dear Vanity Fair:

As many of your readers are not aware what constitutes a citizen in Minnesota, I send you the enclosed, which is now going the rounds of the papers:

SIOUX ASKING FOR CITIZENSHIP.—A petition was recently presented to the Minnesota Legislature from twenty or thirty Sioux Indians, asking the right of citizenship. They stated that they had adopted a number of customs in vogue among the whites, such as wearing pantaloons, living in houses, using knives and forks, being content with the possession and control of one wife, being willing to earn their bread "by the sweat of their brows," total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, regular attendance on "stated preaching," &c.

So to *wear pantaloons* is one requisite. There's a chance for you, Madame Bloomer.

Living in Houses. What would Rynder's Recruits, and Boole's Guards do who live in Groggeries and Station-Houses?

Using Knives and Forks. There's an opportunity, BILLY MULLIGAN, when your term of office expires in Sing Sing.

Being Content with One Wife. Alas, BRIGHAM YOUNG and his flock can't live in Minnesota.

Earning their bread by the sweat of their brows. No show for Alderman GENET and his followers, is there, VANITY?

Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Liquors. *Whew!* adieu then, all ye managers of Japanese Receptions, Champagne Suppers Cock-fights, etc. Law! ye would not stand a ghost of a show for Minnesota.

Regular Attendance on Stated Preaching, &c. That's it. Hooray, *viva* and go in, Hard Shell Soft Shell, and on the Half Shell Baptists, Secession-*ists*, Disunion-*ists*, Comprom-*ists* and all other *ists*—you can all be citizens in Minnesota. But really now, dear VANITY FAIR, if it requires all these qualities for a Citizen in this new wooden country, how would the one rule work in New York with its Wood-en mayor to decide whether they should have *votes* or not? Guess he'd say, with a Single eye to the good of the great metropolis, and the *Democratic* party, I'll take ye, pantaloons or not, and when the great metropolis endeavors to set up as a nation on her own hook, you must back her. And, dear VANITY FAIR, as the Cotton States are about to *Succotash*, would it not be a good idea when they make their Constitution, to provide for the *Flowery-day* Indians to become Citizens under the above requirements, and appoint WENDELL PHILLIPS, and Rev. POTTER, of Virginia, to preach to them alternately?

Affectionately, your Civilized Contributor,

PEORIA.

SPECIMENS OF SECESSIONAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

VANITY FAIR having discovered a want is resolved to supply it. Our Seceding brethren want food for the young mind free from the abolition virus, and we have accordingly prepared a series of Geographies, Spelling-books, Grammars, &c., in which every idea is a native of the Sunny South, and therefore appropriate to Southern Sonnies. Our caveat is entered with the excellent JEFF.

FROM OUR SOUTHERN GEOGRAPHY.

SOUTH CAROLINA. A vast empire, bounded on the North by the Arctic Ocean, East by Fort Sumter, South by the Tortugas, and West by the Pacific. The population is illimitable, the productions incalculable, its resources inexhaustible. The people are happy because the Better Half of themselves are slaves. Its Chivalry awes the World by valiant deeds; its navy defies the battle and the breeze.

PRODUCTIONS.—South Carolina produces chattels of every shade, to suit the taste of the purchaser.

DISEASES.—The prevailing disorders are violent Retches and Sicksession. A Dr JACKSON once invented a cure for these complaints.

LITERATURE.—The standard of literature is high. The Charleston *Mercury*, the journal of the western world, is renowned for the purity of its English and the elevation of its morals. Its circulation is enormous. It justly holds every man a traitor who does not steal from U. S. Government.

OUR SECESSION GRAMMAR.

The peculiarity of this work is its proper use of terms. For instance we say "The noun is the slave of the verb." "The verb is the master of the accusative." Great stress is laid on Passives and Supines. Obedience is taught in every line.

COPIES FROM OUR SECESSION COPY BOOKS.

"Poor whites are poor trash
If you'd spile the nigger spare the lash,
Little boys when you flog dont mind a gash," &c.

The copyright of these works is secured.

Theatrical.

The great theatrical success of the season is the spectacular play of the "Seven Sisters," now running at LAURA KEENE'S. This piece, it may not be generally known, is derived from the French one entitled "*Les Sept Filles du Diable*"—"The Seven Daughters of the Devil." With the latter title it is now being performed at the South, under an injunction, however, from the well known Northern manager, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who avers that "The Seven Daughters of the Devil" belong by right to the U. S. theatre, and have gone to their father illegally and without just cause, seeing that their Uncle SAMUEL is their properly constituted and rightful guardian. If we are to judge from certain paragraphs and pictorial devices now going the rounds of the papers, however, we should suppose that the "Seven Daughters of the Devil" is not a lucrative speculation at the South, as those items inform us that the concern is just beginning to flag.

Little Rhymes for little Benjamin.

BENJIE was a beauty, BENJIE was a thief;
BENJIE went to college and stole a handkerchief;
SOPHS swore at BENJIE—tears fill'd BENJIE eyes;
BENJIE next stole watches, penknives, jewels—nice!—
PREX went to BENJIE, BENJIE straight confessed;
BENJIE went to Congress, and you can guess the rest!

Lexicographic.

SELVAGE *s.* A border, edging. The Border States, for instance.

SALVAGE *s.* Things saved out of a shipwreck. The Border States, for instance.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT IN THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SPONGE, THAT IT SUFFERS TERRIBLY FROM THIRST. THE ABOVE IS A SKETCH FROM NATURE, MADE BY OUR ARTIST ON ONE OF THOSE DRY DUSTY DAYS IN THE BEGINNING OF MARCH.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, March 7th.

DEAR VANITY:—I have given up my pontifical pretensions, and retired from private life.

PIUS IX is once more at the head of things. . . .

Apropos of which, THOUVENEL got off a clever joke the other day. "Brittania," remarked he, "rules the waves; but our friend PIUS rules the See."

It was considered, by many, the best *mot* of the season.

We have had no collision here, as yet, but there is no knowing how soon one may occur. The officers of the French army, and the ward politicians, are banded together to overthrow my influence. They can't do it.

Meanwhile, I am confined to my room. History, probably, contains no parallel to my case.

I told you, in my first letters, how unfortunate I was in the way of losing limbs. First an arm; then a leg, until I hadn't a leg to stand upon, nor an arm to my back.

Now, you will be surprised to learn, *new limbs are growing out*. . . .

. . . Upon my honor!

I have, springing from my right shoulder, a beautiful little arm, young and fresh as that of a child. Legs are also appearing.

The surgeons and physicians here don't know what to make of this phenomenon. Some attribute it to the climate, some to the water.

. . . I think it is hereditary.

Of course, I am charmed. It was so very inconvenient, to be a mutilated wreck. And dancing . . . an amusement of which I am passionately fond . . . was simply impossible.

Now, within a few weeks, I shall be frisking once more. I shall sport and gambol in the public places.

But more important matters demand my attention. Other things than legs are on foot in Italy, and there are other things than arms on hand.

Spring comes. . . . GARIBALDI is spoiling for a fight. I'm another. Ten thousand brave soldiers await my decision, each one a little more anxious than the others to go in and win. Austria quakes. Sardinia shakes and Prussia trembles!

Civitella del Tronto is being bombarded. My Zouaves are there, throwing brickbats into the place by the thousand. CIALDINI objects. He says that JOE GARIBALDI has Gone Back On him, and broken the treaty they had agreed to. But it is well known that CIALDINI is not veracious. I know GARIBALDI too well to believe such a thing of him.

Let me tell you a little incident of his youth. I quote from PARTON'S (commonly known as "FANNY FERN'S husband") biography:

"The sun was setting in the west, naturally enough, when this youthful but talented person sought the cool and umbrageous vistas of his father's garden.

"In his stalwart though adolescent right hand, he bore a small hatchet, given him by some kind but injudicious friend.

"With thoughtless steps, he approached a fine and fruitful apple-tree. Which he chopped into it with his hatchet.

"His father drew near. It was the only thing he could draw.

"'JOE,' said he, in the pensive and monotonous voice for which he was so justly celebrated; 'JOE, how came that tree out.'"

"The reply has become historical . . .

"'I cut it with my little hatchet, and I *cannot* tell a lie!'

"Such was the character of the future Dictator of Italy."

And PARTON does him no more than simple justice . . . excuse me. A cannon-ball, fired by some artillerists who are practicing in the square in front of my house, has carried away my inkstand, leaving me but one penfull of ink with which to write the name of

McARONE.

P. S. I have just learned that I was egregiously mistaken in my charge against somebody, of claiming the authorship of these letters. He didn't do it. He isn't any such a man. McA.

OPERATIC.

Our Special *Caput Mortuum* writes us from Boston, that the inhabitants of that orderly city are indulging in an immense excitement over "*Un Ballo in Maschera.*" He attributes this extraordinary revulsion in favor of VERDI, not to the excellence of the opera itself, or to the efforts of the Troupe in doing it justice, but entirely to the Digest of the Plot recently published in VANITY FAIR, which from its manifest superiority over the Authorized Libretto, has entirely superseded that pink and yellow publication at the Academy. The whole fashionable and literary world of Boston had been in fact wrought up to a pitch of delirious expectancy by the perusal of our Libretto; the consequence of which was an enormous rush to what our Chinese editor calls the Sing-Song, and an immense endorsement of its merits.

It cannot be denied that the tribute paid us by our Special is eminently Gratifactory, and we accept it as such. But we fear the credit is not all to us. The story, the scenery and the music are naturally and thoroughly Bostonian—"*hinc, hinc illae*," milk in the cocoa-nut. For even VERDI'S hardest West End opponents (see DWIGHT'S *Journal*, which is Æsthetic Boston, you know,) are driven to acknowledge its merits, admitting that some passages (as in the moonlight scene,) reveal Chorus 'casions of great brilliancy. RALPH WALDO EMERSON Improved The Occasion we learn, to point out the fact that the bewilderment of AMELIA in the Out of Town scene is admirably carried out by the crazy manner in which the moon changes to different quarters of the heaven, suggesting a sympathetic chronic lunacy.

In fact, all Athens declares that VANITY FAIR has raised for VERDI a "*monumentum ære perennius.*" (Allusion to the comparative brass in Trovatore and Traviata.) Whenever, and if, that monument shall be completed, and shall take its position by the side of the FRANKLIN or WEBSTER statues, may V. F. be there to see. The most suitable material for such a structure would be, of course, the Verd' Antique.

The Difference.

A dinner was lately given in London, to Colonel Sir ARTHUR COTTON, just arrived from India, where he has done the State much service by his promotion of Canalling for the purpose of irrigation.

The moral to be deduced from this is, that English Cotton is superior to American Cotton; inasmuch as the former promotes irrigation, while the latter is only productive of irritation.

Bennett Beaten.

The *Tribune* the other day had a letter, a half column long, which it said contained "*les plus fraiches nouvelles de l'enfer.*" Where's the Satanic press?

Chatter-boxes.

The loges of the Academy of Music at a Philharmonic Concert.

RATHER TOO BAD.

YOUNG WELLINGTON I— ORS A FAMILY PARTY, AND STUPID OLD UNCLE MAKES HIM STAND UP WITH COUSIN KATE (OM HE SECRETLY ADORES) AND WHO HAPPENS TO BE AN INCH OR TWO TALLER THAN HIMSE F!

THE TANGLED WEBB.

And so, G neral JAME ATSON WEBB, you are going abroad to do the Turks.

When we heard it, VA T FAIR exclaimed Bosh!—good Turkish you know—i seemed t good to be true.

Now take our advice.

Don't appoint too ma Vice Consuls in the land of the cypress and myrtle to pay you fi en hundred dollars a head. That dodge is played out.

Don't show the Turks y example, that there *is* such a thing as running any of their pe iar institutions to the ground.

Don't get ver a fe by passing off a seal made with a half dollar, for the President own guarantee of a dispatch to the Pope or Sultan.

Don't stop o listen t

"An Empe or tappin t a nobby club pane."

Don't—don't—don't to cutting up any Harem Scare 'em shines.

Don't diplomatize m e than you can help. One Plague at a time is as many as Cons tinople can bear, and they have trouble enough, you know, with t your help.

Perturbaba ur Constantinopolitanis,
Innumerab bus sollecitudinibus.

And finally, don't tur Turk.

That's all. f you av these little predilecadilloes you will be an honor to yourself an to the good advice of VANITY FAIR.

From our Negromancer.

We find, in a foreign rnal, an account of a shower of Colored Rain which is stated to l e fallen somewhere in the neighborhood of Siena.

If a shower of Colored in fell in the neighborhood of Printing-House Square, w shoul xpect to see HORACE GREELEY out enjoying it, destitute an u rella, and without his hat.

Song the Naval Artillery.

"Columbiad, the Gu the Ocean."

Cruiser again.

A classical friend declares, that ever since he visited the RAREY shows, his sleeping hours have been constantly haunted by the same vision which troubled the "*pius Æneas*," some years since, and which is detailed in the First Book of that individual's confession:

Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusæ,
Vis mihi ante oculos et notâ majior imago.

"One night while sleeping round I saw the shade of wretched Cruiser,
A form familiar unto me, and doubtlessly to you Sir.'

We were aware that OLE BULL and SHAKESPEARE were mentioned by name in that omnicomprehensive Virgilian work, but did not know before that the Mantuan bard talked horse-prophecy.

Brass versus Steel.

It is said that every military company at Charleston has a powerful display of brass musical instruments . . . the peaceful musicians, in fact, nearly rivalling the warlike soldiery in numbers.

This may explain the language of the Charleston *Mercury*, which invariably speaks of the Southern army as a Gallant Band!

Tariffic.

Why will immigration from Ireland be less the present than in former years?

Because the new tariff imposes a duty of fifty per cent on Unwashed Paddy.

Southern Stock Operation.

Speculation must prosper. The Southern Confederacy, having no money to lay out, has Invested Fort Pickens!

J. B.'s PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a functionary
Whose trembling limbs have walked him out of doors,
Although he's labored with great unction, nary
A red has h from all his ill-got stores.

These seedy g ments show my great stupidity
In not appr priating to myself
All the loose f nds I grasped at with avidity
Bearing at l st the shame—without the pelf.

Yon White H use, standing on a steep declivity
Tempted th ough life, and lured me there at last;
There, where mid hours of seeming gay festivity
Through f rful tortures, day and night I past.

Had they per itted rest in calm inanity
I would hav been a happier man I'm sure;
But I'll be — — oh (excuse some slight profanity)
If you could bear as much, and still be pure.

WALKER and ORNEY & FOWLER, (deuce confound them)
Have ruine me *in toto*, so to speak.
For to face do n the proofs they got around them—
Upon my so l, I didn't have the cheek.

Now I'm dep rting—infirm—old—impecunious;
Let me, I p y, slide smoothly to the grave,
Please let me be—and don't some second JUNIUS,
Get glory u by damning me—*I cave.*

A Black-letter Edition.

The news items b a late mail, contain an account of an eccentric person who la ely died in Pomerania, and "whose fancy it was to have the wal s of his room papered with the Odes of HORACE—a polyglot edition in colored letters."

From the circum tance of the Colored letters, we suppose that HORACE GREELEY is t e H. referred to in the above quoted statemen

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES.

GRANNY DAVIS TO MASTER BULL.—Now, Johnny, take this down like a good Boy, and you shall have as much nice Cotton as you want.